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The Golden Gate at Chautauqua

—BY—

ANSON G. CHESTER

AUTHOR OF

The Tapestry Weavers

Inscribed by permission to the Reverend Bishop and Chancellor

JOHN H. VINCENT, D. D.

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Letter from the Reverend Bishop and Chancellor
JOHN H. VINCENT, D. D.,
to the author of the poem.

Indianapolis, Ind.,
November 11, 1907

Rev. Dr. Anson G. Chester,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir and Brother :

I am simply delighted with "The Golden Gate at Chautauqua."

It is a great honor which you propose, to have the book inscribed to me.

The poem itself is a most exquisite presentation of the real mission of the Golden Gate.

The Gate is simply a symbol. It shows that a way has been won by a candidate for admission into St. Paul's Grove and into the Hall of Philosophy. It is a Golden Gate because of the privilege which it confers, and the value of the work which we trust has been wrought for and in the individual, through the ministry of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.

I repeat that I was delighted with the poem.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN H. VINCENT.

The Golden Gate at Chautauqua

BY ANSON G. CHESTER

If at last you would enter
the Golden Gate,
You must faithfully study
and patiently wait---

Till the tasks are finished,
the work is done,
And the honors in waiting
are fairly won.

None pass but the once
 through the Gate of Gold,
It opens, it closes—
 the whole is told.

For else would its sentiment
 all be lost,
And itself be common,
 like rain and frost.

It may be early, it may
 be late,
The hour you arrive
 at the Golden Gate.

For the old and the young,
both wrinkled and fair,
Are ever most eagerly
hastening there.

Who finally gain it, they
put away
The tasks that challenged
them day by day.

They have studied long,
they have striven hard,
But here there is triumph
and here reward.

They have reached the goal
of their hope and love,
The portal that welcomes
to Saint Paul Grove.

So they pass through the Gate
and the arches gay,
Where the singers are chanting
their "Song of To-day."

March on through the Gate
and the evergreen bowers,
To the pillared hall
on a path of flowers.

Flowers strewn by little ones
fair and sweet,
A highway of blossoms
for conquering feet.

And there they are greeted
as victors true
In a contest all old,
but forever new.

And credentials gain
from the wise and great,
High priests and seers
of the Golden Gate.

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The strenuous purpose it is
that wins,
The purpose once ripened,
the life begins.

The active life, with its fate
unknown,
Where each must conquer
or fail alone.

But they pass to the conflict
with sword and shield,
As the brave warrior goes
to the battle-field.

They are men and women
accoutered fine
With strength that beggars
the thrill of wine.

Their loins are girded,
their weapons true,
They are ready to fight
and to conquer, too!

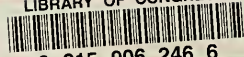
It is wise to strive,
it is good to wait,
For the right to enter
the Golden Gate.





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